BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

HOW BOYS MAY SIGNAL BY FLASHING

Every boy has probably amused himself at some time or other flashing the sun's rays around with a small mirror, but perhaps very few of them knew that such a flash could be seen further than anything else in the world. In the army the signal corps use it a great deal because of its great range and the certainty with which the signals can be read. In the "Manual" the officers recommend the study of expedients for signalling with the flash, and among the boy scouts, who cannot afford expensive apparatus, the knowledge of how to flash messages is invaluable.

Any boy who will take the trouble to learn the army and navy code for the letters of the alphabet can flash a message to any distance, as long as he has sunlight, a clear atmosphere and a good mirror, no matter how small it is.

The mirror is very important and must be of the best plate glass, so that it will throw a perfectly round image of the sun when turned on objects at a distance. Those mirrors that give wavy broken reflections are of no use for signalling. By looking into a glass and noticing if it reflects straight lines as still straight when you turn it slowly, you can tell if it has a true surface.

Any sized glass will do, and one that can be slipped into the pocket is the best for general use. Find the centre of the back and scrape off enough silver to leave a round hole about the size of a pea of perfectly clear glass to sight through. This small glass should be held to either eye with the left hand, leaving the right hand free to grasp the lower corner and move the glass to and fro at will. When an ordinary framed mirror is used it is impracticable to have a hole in the back, and it should be held close up under the nose. The following pictures will show how a boy holds the glass in each case:

The large square glass will throw a square image of light for a distance of nearly a hundred yards, but then it will change to the round image of the sun. The smaller the glass the nearer the round image will appear. If the round spot is not perfect the glass is no good.

The first thing to do in signalling to any place at a distance is to take aim at it, and this requires a front sight, which must be some object in a line with you and the place you wish to reach. An old broom stuck in the ground twenty or thirty feet away will do very well. The further off the front sight is the better your aim will be.

Let us suppose you want to signal to a boy fishing on a rock half a mile from shore. Get your broom just to the right or left of the line of sight from your eye to the island. Now hold your looking glass so that it throws the reflection of the sun on the side of the broom that is next to the island, and by a slight sidewise motion of the mirror you can throw this reflection clear across the broom and on to the island.

If you want to spell out letters you must have your front sight accurate enough to know just how much of the flash the person you are sending to can see. It is much easier to throw a flash up and down than from side to side, and the top rail of a fence or the edge of a piazza may do if you get your sight to the island just over it. For the side motion a clothes pole, a tree, telegraph pole, the side of a house or a barn will do.

In order to signal accurately it is better to have two front sights, and nothing will answer as well as two shingles nailed to a post about two feet apart and twenty feet from you. Fasten them at such a height that you can look through them at the place you want to send the message to. Sometimes it is better to fix them so that you can sit down to do the signalling and be comfortable and steady.

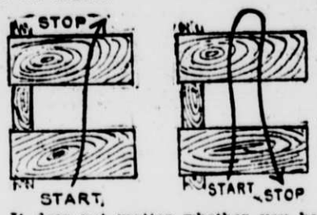
Let us suppose that you want to send a message to an island ten miles from shore. First get in line so that you can just see the island under the lower edge of the upper shingle and hold the glass well up to your nose if it is a large mirror. If it is a small glass with a sight hole in it look through the hole at the island between the shingles.

Get the reflection of the sun on both shingles and hold the glass steady to call on. The person on the island will see a steady light. As soon as he answers with a steady light you are ready to talk.

Start with the light entirely on the bottom shingle and none going through the opening. By a slight movement of the mirror you can throw the light from

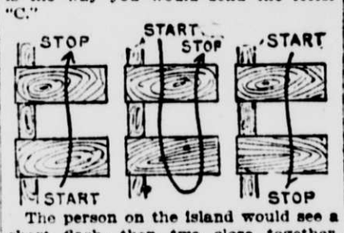
the lower shingle across the opening to the upper shingle. The person on the island will have seen only one quick flash.

But if you move the mirror so as to take it up and at once bring it back again the flash will have crossed the opening between the shingles twice and the person to whom you are sending the message will have seen two flashes very close together. This double flash is made with no pause between the upward and downward movement of the mirror.



It does not matter whether you begin at the bottom and go up and stop there or begin at the top and stop at the bottom. You can make either one or two flashes from either position by controlling the number of times you pass the opening.

Suppose you wished to begin your message with the question, "Caught any fish yet?" The first letter you want would be "C," which in the Army and Navy code is 1 2 1, and if you began with the light on the lower shingle here is the way you would send the letter "C."

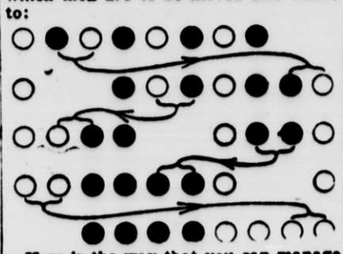


The person on the island would see a short flash, then two close together, and then a short one, after which there would be a pause before beginning the next letter. The best plan to get the right pause between the flashes is to count slowly as you signal. Suppose you count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 for the letter "C." The first flash would be made at 1, then 2 and 3 would be pauses, 4 and 5 the double flash, 6 and 7 pauses and 8 the short flash. Count four before beginning the next letter and end a word with 3 short flashes together or a long pause.

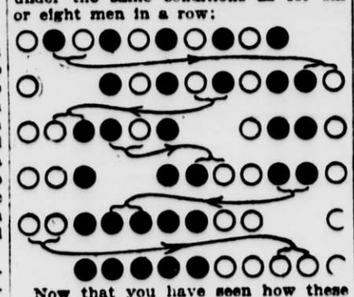
DRILL YOUR BUTTONS.

Here is the solution of the puzzle of how to move a row of eight buttons or checkers, arranged white and black alternately, so that with only four changes of two adjoining men at a time they shall be all white on one end of the line and all black on the other.

The first line shows the original position and the succeeding ones show which men are to be moved and where to:



Here is the way that you can manage ten men, moving only two at a time under the same conditions as for six or eight men in a row:



Now that you have seen how these are managed suppose you try to drill twelve men, starting with them in a straight line, alternately black and white, and making only six moves. Remember that you must not twist the men, but keep the one that was on the right of the two moved still on the right in his new position.

After you have mastered the art of drilling twelve men so that they can go through all the evolutions without a slip or a false move you can try your skill in drilling fourteen men in a row, taking them from the straight line of alternate colors to the straight line all white at one end and all black at the other, all in seven moves.

While these large numbers are more difficult to handle you should be able to find the key to the movements required if you will study the manner in which the smaller numbers of men are managed. It is possible to drill any number in this way, always in half the number of moves that there are men in the line.

THEY FOUGHT REDSKINS HARD

"Once upon a very particular time many and more years ago," said Big Brother Ben to Little Brothers Hal and Ned as they sat at his knee in their nightties quite a long time past the hour when they should have been tucked in bed, "there was a little boy named Davy and he was a most wonderful Indian fighter."

"How many did he fight?" asked Hal and Ned in unison, hardly the tick of the clock between their voices or the slightest difference in the words they burst forth with.

"Oh, he must have fought in his time at least five hundred Indians. But I want to tell you the whole story rather than the number of Indians he just fought," said Big Brother Ben—very gravely, mind you, as he patted both curly heads and remembered that he was fifteen years older than Hal, to say nothing of Little Ned.

"Well, hurry up and tell us how he caught them," burst forth Little Hal.

"Yes, and tell us what he caught them with, and why he did catch them," piped in Little Ned.

"Well you see, Little Hal and Little Ned," said Big Brother Ben, "it was when the Indians owned this very country from one end to the other. There were more of them than there were of our family. And they thought our family—you know, Little Hal and Little Ned, I mean the great big family that we belong to that had all of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers in it—they thought all of these intended to steal their country away from them. And I really think, Little Hal and Little Ned, they had a right to think that it might be stolen because some of our great-grandfathers were careless about such matters and they often got land from the Indians by tricks."

"What kind of tricks, Big Brother Ben?" queried Little Brother Hal.

"Not the kind of tricks that Uncle Martin does with his handkerchief and his watch chain," declared Little Brother Ned. "They couldn't do those tricks, could they?"

"Not exactly the same, but very much like them," said Big Brother Ben. "But I must hurry and tell you so that you can go to bed. As I said there was a great Indian fighter and his name was Davy. The way he came to be an Indian fighter was very exciting."

"Tell us about it, Big Brother Ben," said Little Hal and Little Ned quickly, "and we'll promise you we won't cry. That's what we have to promise mamma before she will tell us anything sad."

"Well, Davy's papa and mama said good-by to their papa and mama and all their friends many years ago and travelled far, far into the woods. Davy was only 7 years old——"

"Just as old as I am," put in Hal delightedly.

"Yes, just about your age, Little Hal. And they travelled and they travelled and they travelled mile after mile, and mile after mile, until they reached a place where the land was beautiful and the rivers were lovely. Just the place that a pioneer would choose for his home."

"What's a pioneer?" asked Little Ned.

"Oh, I know what a pioneer is," put in Little Hal.

"And what is a pioneer?" gravely asked Big Brother Ben. "Let us know, Little Hal, since you know."

"Why, he's a bald headed man," answered Little Hal proudly.

"A bald headed man! And who told you that, Little Hal?"

"Why, Uncle Martin told me so the other day. He says when the Indians scalp you they take off all your hair and leave you the same as a bald headed man. And he told me that pioneers were always scalped."

"You have a retentive memory and a clear understanding, Little Hal," said Big Brother Ben with a strange smile, "but I must go on with the story. Davy's papa and mamma settled in the beautiful spot they had picked out. Papa built a log cabin and put an extra stockade about it so that the Indians, if they got angry, could not come right up to the door and walk right in. A stockade is a fence of planks close together.

"Well, one day when Davy's papa had made everything nice about the place and had planted corn and wheat and was quite contented, trouble came. Some of the bad folk among our great grandfathers had taken a lot of land from the Indians and had given them nothing for it. This made the Indians angry. They made up their minds to get all of the land back. So they marched through the woods very softly, and very often when our great grandfathers and grandmothers were sound asleep they would come to the log cabin and set fire to it and take all of our great grandparents prisoners.

"Although Davy was but 8 years old, his father had taught him a great deal about taking care of himself. You know, Little Brother Hal and Little Brother Ned, there were a great many wild animals in the woods and Davy had to be taught to defend himself from danger in case he met these bad animals as he wandered off from the log cabin and happened to meet them suddenly."

Little Brother Hal and Little Brother Ned drew closer to Big Brother Ben's knee.

"Before he was 9 years old Davy's father had taught him how to use a gun. He spent many hours loading and unloading the weapon——"

"What's a weapon?" asked Little Ned.

"Why that's what a gun is," answered Big Brother Ben, and when Little Brother Hal tried to ask a question Big Brother Ben gave him a funny sort of a look and he didn't ask it.

"Back of the cabin Davy's papa would take him and set up a twig or a leaf for a mark. Then he would load the gun and hand it to Davy.

"'One—two—three—fire!' Davey's father would say to him and finally after many, many trials Davy could hit the leaf and the twig just as well as his father could. Then his papa taught him how to use a hunting knife and how to creep softly through the forest and how to tread so that an Indian would have a hard time following him——"

"How would he creep, Big Brother Ben?" asked Little Brother Hal earnestly.

"Why, just like this," said Big Brother Ben as he got on his hands and knees and crawled about the room with a fierce look in his eyes.

"Stop it, Big Brother Ben," said Little Ned. "Go on, tell us the rest about Davy."

"Well, Davy was at the edge of the wood one day just at dinner time. He heard the horn blow to come in and eat. But he saw a squirrel run through the wood and he ran after him until the squirrel scrambled up a tree and chattered defiantly at him. Then Davy started for the cabin.

"Just as he got out of the woods he saw a great smoke and there was the cabin, his dear home, all in flames and burning up. He knew at once that Indians had been around, so he dropped to the ground and crept through the high grass closer to the cabin. There he saw that the Indians had made prisoners of his father and mother and had tied their hands behind their backs.

"You must not forget, Little Brother Hal and Little Brother Ned, that Davy had his gun and his hunting knife with him all the time, for as I told you before, his father had taught him the use of both, and Davy always had to have them with him when he went into the wood for fear of the wild animals.

"Well after the Indians had gathered together everything of value they did not wish to burn up, they started off through the woods in the opposite direction from Davy, with his papa and mama driven on ahead of them. Davy followed as close after as he could.

"Just as they entered the wood Davy's papa in a loud voice cried: 'Oh, Davy, my little son, wherever you are keep safe until you can get help and rescue us.'

"The Indians did not understand English, so they did not realize that Davy's papa was warning somebody. They only made Davy's papa and mama hurry on faster. Davy wanted to cry out that he understood, but young as he was he knew too well that this would only put him in greater danger and would do his papa and mamma no good.

"So at a safe distance he followed and followed and followed the Indians. When it came night he was only 200 feet from where they built their camp fire. He was only a little boy—just a little older than you, Little Brother Hal—and you can understand that he was very, very tired. But he had been taught to be patient and strong by his papa, and so he waited.

"He had picked some berries as he went through the wood and they had kept him from being overhungry. He waited and waited until it was hours after the camp fire was lit. Then he crept ever so slowly and softly toward the fire. When he got near he saw his papa with his hands still bound behind him and his mama lying very near the little red blaze.

"He crawled softly toward his mama first and whispered: 'Mama, this is Davey. Creep away while I tell papa.'

"So while mamma was creeping away he crawled over to papa—and he had to crawl right between three big Indians—and whispered to him: 'Papa, I'll cut the cord and you get a gun and crawl into the wood after mama and me.'

"Sure enough, after Davy had cut the cord his papa took one of the guns of the Indians who were asleep and crept into the wood with Davy. And although the Indians chased them many days after they found out they had escaped, they got away and just because Davy was a brave little boy who knew how to be patient and strong."

There was a pause of several seconds. Little Brother Hal and Little Brother Ned kept looking and looking at Big Brother Ben. But he said no more and he made no sign of going to say more. Finally Little Hal said:

"But, Big Brother Ben, what became of Davy in the after time?"

"Oh, Davy. Why, he grew up and became a mighty hunter. In all the border there was no one could excel him. The Indians were afraid of him. And finally other pioneers came and settled down in the land that Davy had made safe because he knew how to fight Indians."

"Big Brother Ben, you have kept my little boys up altogether too long," said mama, coming in just then. "They must go to bed now or they will not be able to get asleep."

But Little Hal and Little Ned were already fast asleep with their heads against Big Brother Ben's knee. So Big Brother Ben took Little Hal in his arms and mama took Little Ned in hers and they carried them to their cribs.

Just about midnight mama called to Big Brother Ben:

"Ben! Ben! there is something the matter in the nursery. Do you think some one could have got in the window from the cherry tree. Listen!"

Big Brother Ben did listen, and then he started for the nursery, tiptoeing upstairs very cautiously.

When he got to where two little cribs were in plain sight a strange spectacle presented itself. There, peering into Little Ned's crib was Little Hal, and while Big Brother Ben listened he heard him say:

"Oh, Davy, my little son, wherever you are, keep safe until you can get help and rescue us."

Then while Big Brother Ben stood almost spellbound, Little Hal seized his father's cane that stood in the corner, and pointing it at his own crib, cried: "Bang!"

Just as Big Brother Ben reached to lift Little Hal into his crib and soothe him a little, mama came into the nursery and seized her little son, saying:

"Ben, dear, you should not tell the little chaps those Indian stories; you see how it upsets them."

"Well, mother, I never would have known the story at all if you had not told it to me one night to put me to sleep—a night just like this—years and years ago," said Big Brother Ben with a twinkle in his eye.

But mama didn't believe it, and it has not yet been settled whether mama's memory is bad or Big Brother Ben's invention is good.

GAME OF VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

The following game is calculated to sharpen the wits of any assemblage of young folks, and while some shrewd boy or girl will eventually 'catch on' it will not be until after considerable guessing.

Molly takes her position, either standing or seated, in the centre of the room. John, in collusion with Molly, leaves the room. The company now selects some object visible to all for John to guess.

John is summoned and enters. If company desires he will refrain from glancing at Molly. He will even stand with his back toward her (if she will pardon seeming rudeness). More than that, if so ordered he will stand in the corner, with his back to the company, like the proverbial bad boy in school.

John's position decided upon, Molly proceeds to manipulate a magic cane or wand which she holds in her hand. The passes which she makes from time to time are simply to mislead the company and have no connection with the game She gives John his clues in the following manner.

The name of any object chosen must contain certain vowels and consonants. For the vowels Molly taps with the wand on the floor thus:

One tap stands for	A
Two taps	E
Three taps	I
Four taps	O
Five taps	U

When on the other hand Molly finds occasion to use the consonants she speaks distinctly, addressing the company, or John, as her nimble wits suggest. The first word in her sentence must contain the desired consonant.

For example: Suppose one of the company selects an orange.

John is called, enters and takes position indicated.

There is an expectant pause. Then Molly, her eyes very mysterious, her actions deliberate, begins to move the wand, making sweeping curves on the floor. After a moment she gives four sharp taps with the wand.

Four taps stand for	O
She now speaks: "Ready, John, don't let them phase you!"	R
Pause. Manipulation of wand. One tap. One tap stands for	A
Molly again speaks: "Now, friends, look sharp! Show what your wits are worth!"	N
After short pause, Molly addresses John: "Getting near the goal, John, careful!"	G
After a few rapid passes Molly gives two sharp raps	E

Now with a smile and bow Molly seats herself. The company makes all manner of wild guesses. The passes and tapping have proved too much for them.

ENTERPRISING UMBRELLA BOYS.

The boys on Washington Heights who have spare umbrellas at home have discovered a way to earn a little extra money to spend on their vacations. Visit any of the subway stations on the "hill" some rainy evening and you will see how the boys of that section manage to collect their pocket money.

On the Heights the subway stations are not located as near each other as they are downtown. Therefore people residing in the numerous flats and apartments, have much further to walk to reach their homes. On pleasant evenings the walk is delightful, especially when one has ridden in the heated subway for any length of time. On rainy evenings conditions are different. Every one knows that it is not a pleasant experience to be caught without an umbrella by a sudden storm when the dinners are on the tables and the folks at home are growing anxious, because the regular arriving home hour has come and gone.

The boys on the Heights were quick to realize all this, and they soon learned that by bringing their spare umbrellas down to the subway stations when a sudden storm had driven people to shelter they could find all the customers they wanted who would only be too glad to hire the umbrellas from them. Rather than ruin their clothes and straw hats some of the people coming up out of the subway when the rain is descending will pay a boy as high as fifty cents for the loan of an umbrella.

The boys are not exorbitant in their prices. Usually they demand but a dime for the use of an umbrella. The party agreeing to the arrangement pays the boy the money in advance, takes the umbrella and walks home with the boy keeping step with him at his side.

Arriving home, the borrower returns the umbrella and the owner hastens back to the subway station looking for another customer. If it happens to be the hour when most persons are getting home from business, the umbrella samaritans have no trouble in getting all the customers they want. And it is not uncommon for a boy with a streak of good fortune to make as much as $2 in one evening. Some customers give him the price he demands, while others give him a bonus besides. Two or three rainy evenings in a week puts the lucky boy on easy street for a while.

When a group of boys collect to do business at the same station there is keen rivalry among them, with the usual cut in prices. When a prospective customer appears there is some hustling and scrambling to see which shall be the lucky one, but with all this the boys manage to get along pretty well. There is enough trade to go around. What the boys do object to is when a female competitor tries to break in on the business. She is soon hustled out of the way. The boys consider the business theirs and they will not condescend to allow anything in skirts to break in on them. It is not a monopoly, just an unwritten agreement.

The practice of loaning umbrellas at the subway stations did not originate on Washington Heights. The West Side boys, further downtown, have been working the same game for a good many months. The boys on the Heights fare better than their downtown colleagues, because the people in their domain have longer distances to travel and they do not relish a drenching. A strange thing about the whole business is that while the umbrella lenders are sheltering other people they get soaked themselves walking home with their customers, without any protection.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN EFFIE DUSTED

"See, dearie," said Effie's mother, "how dusty this parlor looks. Just run and get a cloth and wipe off the mantelpiece and the chairs and ornaments, Effie."

The little girl looked up from her new book of Greek fairy tales. "But, mother," she objected, "I did dust this room yesterday."

"I know you did," said her mother. "But the dust comes in so thickly these pleasant days—with the windows open—that I think you'll have to dust every day for a while to keep it looking nice, little daughter." Then she went out of the room to attend to supper.

Effie sighed, then she shook her shoulders crossly and twisted herself out of the comfortable armchair. "Mother knows I just hate to dust," she grumbled. "It's so useless; as fast as I wipe off one place the dust gets on another."

When she had found a dustcloth she returned slowly and stood at the door of the room, wondering where to begin.

"The books are the very worst of all," she said. "I'll leave them to the last."

"My image is by far the dirtiest," cried a sweet voice from the window. "For it catches all the dust from the street. Pray refresh me at once, child."

"You do not need it half so much as I," answered another, a gruff voice from the mantel. "Beshrew me, if I've not discovered an inch of dirt on the globe I hold—and 'tis the only thing I can discover on it."

Effie felt frightened. Who was there? More than one person seemed to be speaking. She looked all around the room but could see nobody, so she decided she must have imagined it. She hesitated for a moment whether to begin with the bronze statue of Columbus on the mantel or the marble Venus in the niche beside the window. Finally she started to work on the Venus.

"Be not so rough, child!" cried the first voice sharply. "By scattering the dust thus hastily thou hast almost choked me. Hast thou no regard for my image?"

Effie started back in astonishment. It was the marble Venus that was speaking! She looked at the little girl with angry eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am, faltered Effie, for she had been taught to be polite always. "I'll—I'll be carefuller." Though she was very much frightened and her hands trembled, she dusted the statue gently. The Venus turned her head to watch every movement, and when the dusting was done she gave a little nod of satisfaction.

"'Tis well and a good deed, child," she said. "I have not felt so clean for many a day, not since I arose from the sea," she added reflectively. Effie wondered if the Venus meant the day they had moved into the new house when her mother had put the statue into warm water and washed it carefully.

"If you have at last finished with that armless heathen goddess," said the gruff voice from the mantel again, "will you kindly attend to me? The dust is so thick that I could not find America on the globe this morning."

Effie laughed as she climbed upon a chair to assist Columbus. "America's there still," she said reassuringly. "You know you discovered it hundreds of years ago."

"Really?" asked Columbus anxiously. "Then it was not lost again after my death?"

"Dear me, no!" Effie laughed and pointed out it to him on the globe he held in his hand. "Why, Columbus, don't you know we are in America this very minute?"

"Ah, me. Would that we were in my beloved Greece!" sighed Venus.

"Greece!" exclaimed Columbus. "Greece went to pieces long before my day. That's why I sailed away to find a new continent. And I do think it was most ungrateful of people not to name it after me. Surely I deserve that reward for the trouble I took to find it."

"That's so," agreed Effie thinking the discoverer indeed had some cause to complain. She sought for some means to cheer him as she continued the dusting of his bronze form. "Some parts of America are named for you, Mr. Columbus," she said. "There is Canada, you know. That's called British Columbia in my geography book, and—and, oh, yes, there's a country in South America called Colombia and there's Columbus, Ohio."

"Ah, that pleases me!" exclaimed the delighted discoverer.

"And is there no land or city named in my honor?" asked the jealous Venus.

Effie thought hard. "I'm afraid I don't know of any," she said shaking her head. "But you say you loved Greece, Lady Venus, and though the beautiful old Greece is gone—as Mr. Columbus says—there are plenty of towns in New York State named after Greek cities.

"Why, there's Athens and Sparta and Ilion and Ithaca and Utica and Syracuse—and—and Troy and Rome!" She wrinkled up her forehead in the effort to remember names that she had read in her Greek and Roman fairy tales. "Oh, yes; and I heard father call Boston once the modern Athens." As she spoke she was dusting the other mantel ornaments but as these were only china vases and bronze bowls they took no part in the conversation.

Still the goddess was not comforted. "I would there were a temple dedicated to me at least," she sighed, and her face grew very sad. "Alas, how have my worshippers departed!"

Effie could not help being sorry for her. "Of course she's only a heathen goddess and ought not to be worshipped," she thought. "But it's too bad not to have anybody to love her, not a friend in all the world." Suddenly a happy thought came to her. She dropped the duster and clasped her hands eagerly.

"Oh, Lady Venus," she cried. "I know where there are many, many people to love you. Right here in New York, in a place called the Metropolitan Museum, there are statues of many gods and goddesses—yes, of you too—and people who love them go there——"

"A temple?" asked Venus in delighted tones.

"Yes," nodded Effie, seeing that it pleased the goddess to call it that.

Lady Venus's eyes sparkled with joy.

"Then will I betake myself thither at once," she cried. "Farewell to ye both."

"Oh, no! Don't go!" cried Effie, greatly frightened. "Father would think some one had stolen the statue and he would be very angry."

"Fear not, child," said the Lady Venus. "It is my spirit only that departs; my image remains here."

"And will you ever come back?"

"Perhaps, some day," answered the goddess. Then she was silent and the marble face lost its expression, for the Lady Venus had gone.

"And good riddance, say I!" said Columbus. "I like not heathen goddesses however fair they be. Now will I hurl my globe and destroy her image, that she may never more return." He poised the globe in the air.

"No! No!" cried Effie in great alarm. "Indeed you mustn't. Father would be very angry, for he brought the statue from Italy."

Columbus lowered his globe, but his face was still wrathful, so Effie hastened to add, "Oh—oh, wouldn't you like to visit some of those places I told you about, Mr. Columbus?"

"Marry, a good thought!" cried the discoverer, his countenance clearing. "I was ever a one for adventuring and too long have I been idle. So fare ye well." And he too was gone.

Effie breathed a great sigh of relief. "Wouldn't it be dreadful if they'd come together!" she said. And yet the room seemed very empty, now that they were no longer there to talk to her.

"What, Effie, asleep! And the room not dusted!"

The little girl sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"What a very funny dream!" said her mother when she had heard it all. "History, geography and Greek fairy tales all mixed and jumbled up. You will have to look for Lady Venus when you go with father to visit the museum next Sunday."

"Yes, and I hope some day she'll come back," said Effie. "But I don't care particularly about seeing Columbus again." She lowered her voice to a whisper as she gazed at the bronze statue of the great discoverer with strong disapproval.